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This Belongs To Georges Coffee House

THE

GYMNASIAD,

Temple OR Barre

BOXING MATCH.

A very short, but very curious

EPIC POEM.

WITH THE

PROLEGOMENA of *Scriblerus Tertius*,

AND

NOTES VARIORUM.

(Price One Shilling.)

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TO THE

Moſt PUISSANT and INVINCIBLE

Mr. *JOHN BROUGHTON.*

HAD this Dedication been addreſs'd to ſome *Reverend Prelate*, or *Female Court Favourite*, to ſome *Blundering Statesman*, or *Apoſtate Patriot*, I ſhould doubtleſs have launched into the higheſt Encomiums on *Public Spirit*, *Policy*, *Virtue*, *Piety*, &c. and like the reſt of my Brother Dedicators had moſt ſucceſsfully impos'd on their Vanity, by aſcribing to them Qualities they were utterly unacquainted with, by which Means I had prudently reap'd the Reward of a *Panegyriſt* from

my

my *Patron*, and, at the ſame Time, ſecur'd the Reputation of a *Satyriſt* with the *Public*.

But ſcorning theſe baſe Arts; I preſent the following Poem to you, unſway'd by either Flattery or Intereſt; ſince your Modeſty would defend you againſt the Poiſon of the one, and your known Oeconomy prevent an Author's Expectations of the other. I ſhall therefore only tell you, what *you really are*, and leave thoſe (whoſe Patrons are of the higher Claſs) to tell them what *they really are not*. But ſuch is the Depravity of human Nature, that every Compliment we beſtow on another, is too apt to be deemed a Satire on ourſelves; yet ſurely while I am praiſing the Strength of your Arm, no Politician can think it meant as a Reflection on the Weakneſs of his Head, or while I am juſtifying your Title to the Character of a *Man*, will any modern Petit-Maitre think it an Impeach-

ment of his Affinity to that of its mimic Counterfeit, a *Monkey*.

Were I to attempt a Deſcription of your Qualifications, I might juſtly have Recourſe to the Majeſty of *Agamemnon*, the Courage of *Achilles*, the Strength of *Ajax*, and the Wiſdom of *Ulyſſes*; but as your own heroic Actions afford us the beſt Mirror of your Merits, I ſhall leave the Reader to view in that the amazing Luſtre of a Character, a few Traits of which only, the following Poem was intended to diſplay; and in which had the Ability of the Poet, equal'd the Magnanimity of his Hero, I doubt not but the GYMNASIAD had, like the immortal ILIAD, been handed down to the Admiration of all Poſterity.

As your ſuperior Merits contributed towards raiſing you to the Dignities you now enjoy, and plac'd you even as the SAFE-GUARD of Royalty itſelf,

ſelf, ſo I cannot help thinking it happy for the Prince, that he is now able to boaſt one *real* Champion in his Service: And what *Frenchman* would not tremble more at the puiſſant Arm of a BROUGHTON, than at the ceremonious Gauntlet of a DIMMACK.

I am,

with the moſt profound Reſpect

to your HEROIC VIRTUES,

your moſt devoted,

moſt obedient,

and moſt humble Servant.

SCRIBLERUS TERTIUS

OF THE

POEM.

IT is an old Saying that *Neceſſity is the Mother of Invention*; it ſhould ſeem then that Poetry, which is a *Species* of Invention, muſt naturally derive it's Being from the ſame Origin, hence it will be eaſy to account for the many flimſy Ghoſt-like Apparations, that every Day make their Appearance among us, for if it be true as Naturaliſts obſerve, that the Health and Vigour of the Mother is neceſſary to produce the like Qualities in the Child, what Iſſue can be expected from the Womb of ſo *meagre a Parent*.

But there is another *Species* of Poetry, which inſtead of owing it's Birth to the *Belly*, like *Minerva*, ſprings at once from the *Head*, of this Kind are thoſe Productions of Wit, Senſe, and Spirit, which once born, like the Goddeſs herſelf immediately

ately becomes immortal. It is true theſe are a Sort of miraculous Births, and therefore it is no Wonder they ſhould be found ſo rare among us. — As Glory is the noble Inſpirer of the latter, ſo Hunger is the natural Incentive of the former, thus *Fame* and *Food* are the Spurs with which every Poet mounts his *Pegaſus*, but as the Impetus of the *Belly* is apt to be more cogent than that of the *Head*, ſo you will ever ſee the one pricking and goading a tir'd Jade to a hobling Trot, while the other only incites the foaming Steed to a majeſtic Capriol.

The gentle Reader, it is apprehended will not long be at a Loſs to determine, which *Species* the following Production ought to be rank'd under, but as the Parent moſt unnaturally caſt it out as the ſpurious Iſſue of his Brain, and even cruelly denies it the common Privilege of his Name; ſtruck with the delectable Beauty of it's Features, I could not avoid adopting the little *poetic Orphan*, and by dreſſing it up with a few Notes &c. preſent it to the Public as perfect as poſſible.

Had I in Imitation of other great Authors, only conſulted my Intereſt in the Publication of this inimitable Piece, (which doubtleſs will undergo numerous Impreſſions) I might firſt have ſent it into the World *naked*, then by the Addition of a *Commentary*, *Notes Variorum*, *Prolegomena*, and all that; levy'd a new Tax upon the Public, and after all, by a Sort of modern poetical Legerdemain changing the *Name* of the *principal Hero*, and inſerting a few *Hypercritics*, of a flattering Friend's, have render'd the former Editions incorrect, and couzen'd the curious Reader out of a *treble Conſideration* for the *ſame Work*; but however this may ſuit the tricking Arts of a Bookſeller, it is certainly much below the ſublime Genius of an Author. — I know it will be ſaid, that a Man has an equal Right to make as much as he can of his *Wit*, as well as of his *Money*; but then it ought to be conſider'd, whether there may not be ſuch a Thing as *Uſury* in both, and the Law having only provided a-

gainſt

gainſt it in one Inſtance, is I apprehend no very moral Plea for the Practice of it in the other. *

The judicious Reader will eaſily perceive, that the following Poem in all its Properties partakes of the Epic; ſuch as fighting, ſpeeching, bullying, ranting, *&c.* (to ſay Nothing of the Moral) and as many thouſand Verſes are thought neceſſary to the Conſtruction of this Kind of Poem, it may be objected, that this is too *ſhort* to be rank'd under that Claſs; to which I ſhall only anſwer, that as *Conciſeneſs* is the laſt Fault a Writer is apt to *commit*, ſo it is generally the firſt a Reader is willing to *forgive*; and tho' it may not be altogether ſo long, yet I dare ſay, it will not be found leſs replete with the true *Vis poetica*, than (not to mention the *Iliad*, *Æneid*, *&c.*) even *Leonidas* itſelf.

It may farther be objected, that the Characters of our principal Heros are too humble, for the Grandeur of the *Epic* Fable, but the candid Reader will be pleas'd to obſerve, that they are not here celebrated in their *mechanic*, but in their *heroic* Capacities, as *Boxers*, who by the Ancients themſelves, have ever been eſteem'd worthy to be immortaliz'd in the nobleſt Works of this Nature; of which the *Epëus* and *Euryalus* of *Homer*, and the *Entellus* and *Dares* of *Virgil* are inconteſtable Authorities. And as thoſe Authors were ever careful, that their prin-

* As this may be thought to be particularly aim'd at an *Author* who was lately reported to be dead, (and whoſe Loſs, all Lovers of the Muſes would have the greateſt Reaſon to lament) it may not be improper to aſſure the Reader, that it was written, and intended to have been publiſhed before that Report, and was only meant, as an Attack upon the *general* Abuſe of this Kind. —— As to our Author himſelf, he has frequently given *public* Teſtimonies of his Veneration for that great Man's Genius, nor may it be unentertaining to the Reader, to acquaint him with one *private* Inſtance. —— Immediately on hearing the Report of Mr. *Pope*'s Death, he was heard to break forth in the following Exclamation.

POPE *dead!* —— *Huſh, Huſh* REPORT, *the ſlandrous Lye,*
FAME *ſays he lives,* —— *Immortals never die.*

cipal Perſonages, (however mean in themſelves) ſhould derive their Pedigree from ſome *Deity*, or illuſtrious *Hero*, ſo our Author has with equal Propriety made his ſpring from *Phaæton*, and *Neptune*; under which Characters, he beautifully allegorizes their different Occupations of *Waterman*, and *Coachman*. — But for my own part, I cannot conceive, that the Dignity of the Hero's Profeſſion, is any ways eſſential to that of the Action; *for if the greateſt Perſons are guilty of the meaneſt Actions, why may not the greateſt Actions be aſcrib'd to the meaneſt Perſons.*

As the main Action of this Poem is entirely ſupported by the principal Heros *themſelves*, it has been maliciouſly inſinuated to be deſign'd, as an unmannerly Reflection on a *late glorious Victory*, where it is pretended, the whole Action was atchiev'd without the Interpoſition of the principal Heros *at all*. — But as the moſt innocent Meanings may by ill Minds be wreſted to the moſt wicked Purpoſes, if any ſuch Conſtruction ſhou'd be made, I will venture to affirm, that it muſt proceed from the factious Venom of the Reader, and not from any diſloyal Malignity in our Author, who is too well acquainted with the *Power*, ever to arraign the *Purity* of Government, beſides the Poignance of the *Sword* is too prevalent for that of the *Pen*, and who, when there are at preſent, ſo many thouſand *unanſwerable ſtanding Arguments* ready to defend, wou'd ever be *Quixote* enough to attack, either the *Omnipotence* of a Prince, or the *Omniſcience* of his Miniſters.

Were I to attempt an Analyſis of this Poem, I cou'd demonſtrate that it contains (as much as a Piece of ſo ſublime a Nature will admit of) all thoſe *true Standards* of Wit, Humour, Raillery, Satire, and Ridicule, which a late Writer has ſo *marvelouſly diſcover'd*, and might on the Part of our Author ſay with that profound Critic, —— *Jacta eſt Alea*, but as the Obſcurity of a Beauty too ſtrongly argues the Want of one, ſo an Endea-

vour

vour to elucidate the Merits of the following Performance, might be apt to give the Reader a diſadvantageous Impreſſion againſt it, as it might tacitly imply, they were too myſterious to come within the Compaſs of his Comprehenſion; I ſhall therefore leave them to his more curious Obſervation, and bid him heartily Farewell —— *Lege & delectare.*

SCRIBLERUS TERTIUS.

THE ARGUMENT OF THE FIRST BOOK.

THE Invocation, the Propoſition, the Night before the Battle deſcrib'd; the Morning opens, and diſcovers the Multitude haſting to the Place of Action; their various Profeſſions, Dignities, &c. illuſtrated; the Spectators being ſeated, the youthful Combatants are firſt introduc'd, their Manner of Fighting diſplay'd; to theſe ſucceed the Champions of a higher Degree, their ſuperior Abilities mark'd, ſome of the moſt Eminent particularly celebrated; mean while, the principal Heroes are repreſented ſitting, and ruminating on the approaching Combat, when the Herald ſummons them to the Liſts.

THE

THE GYMNASIAD.

BOOK I.

SING, ſing, O Muſe, the dire conteſted Fray,
And bloody Honours of that dreadful Day,
When *Phaeton*'s bold Son (tremendous Name)
Dar'd *Neptune*'s Off-ſpring to the Lifts of Fame,
What Fury fraught Thee with Ambition's Fire,
Ambition, equal Foe to Son and Sire?
One,

V. 3, 4. *When Phaeton's bold Son Dared Neptune's Off-ſpring.*] It is uſual for Poets to call the Sons after the Names of their Fathers, as *Agamemnon* the Son of *Atreus*, and *Achilles* the Son of *Peleus*, are frequently term'd *Pelides* and *Atrides*; our Author would doubtleſs have follow'd this laudable Example, but he found *Broughtonides* and *Stephenſonides*, or their Contractions, too unmuſical for Metre, and therefore with wonderful Art adopts two poetical Parents, which obviates the Difficulty, and at the ſame Time heightens the Dignity of his Hero.

Bentleides.

V. 6. *Ambition equal Foe to Son and Sire.*] It has been maintain'd by ſome Philoſophers, that the Paſſions of the Mind are in ſome meaſure hereditary, as well as the Features of the Body; according to this Doctrine, our Author beautifully repreſents the Frailty of Ambition deſcending from Father to Son, —— and as *Original Sin* may in ſome Sort be accounted for on this Syſtem, it is very probable our Author had a *theological*, as well as *phyſical*, and *moral* Meaning in this Verſe.

For the latter Part of this Note, we are oblig'd to an *eminent Divine.*

One, hapleſs fell by *Jove*'s ætherial Arms,
And One, the *Triton*'s mighty Pow'r diſarms.

Now all lay huſh'd within the Folds of Night,
And ſaw in painted Dreams th' important Fight;
While Hopes and Fears alternate turn the Scales,
And now this Hero, and now that prevails;
Blows and imaginary Blood ſurvey,
Then waking, watch the ſlow Approach of Day.
When, lo! *Aurora* in her ſaffron Veſt,
Darts a glad Ray, and gilds the ruddy Eaſt.

Forth iſſuing now all ardent ſeek the Place,
Sacred to Fame, and the Athletic Race;
As from their Hive the cluſt'ring Squadrons pour,
O'er fragrant Meads to ſip the vernal Flow'r;

So from each Inn the legal Swarms impel,
Of banded Seers, and Pupils of the Quill.
Senates and Shambles pour forth all their Store,
Mindful of Mutton, and of Laws no more;
E'en Money Bills, uncourtly, now muſt wait,
And the fat Lamb has one more Day to bleat.
The Highway Knight now draws his Piſtol's Load,
Reſts his faint Steed, and this Day franks the Road.

Bailiffs,

V. 21. *legal Swarms impel,*] An ingenious Critic of my Acquaintance objected to this Simile, and would by no means admit, the Compariſon between *Bees* and *Lawyers* to be juſt; *one*, he ſaid, was an induſtrious, harmleſs, and uſeful Species, none of which Properties could be affirm'd of the *other*, and therefore he thought the *Drone* that lives on the Plunder of the Hive a more proper Archetype. I muſt confeſs myſelf in ſome Meaſure inclin'd to ſubſcribe my Friend's Opinion; but then we muſt conſider, that our Author did not intend to deſcribe their *Qualities*, but their *Number*; and in this Reſpect no one I think, can have any Objection to the *Propriety* of the Compariſon.

V. 24. *and of Laws no more*] The original M.S. has it, *Bribes*, but as this might ſeem to caſt an invidious Aſperſion on a certain Aſſembly, remarkable for their Abhorrence of Venality; and at the ſame Time, might ſubject our Publiſher to ſome little Inconveniencies, I thought it prudent to ſoften the Expreſſion; beſides, I think this Reading renders our Author's Thought more natural, for tho' we ſee the moſt trifling Avocations are able to draw off their Attention from the *public Utility*, yet nothing is ſufficient to divert a ſteady Purſuit of their *private Emolument*.

V. 28. *this Day franks the Road.*] Our Poet here artfully inſinuates the Dignity of the Combat, he is about to celebrate, by it's being able to prevail on a Highwayman, to lay aſide his Buſineſs to become a Spectator of it, —— and as, on this Occaſion, he makes him forſake his *daily Bread* while the Senator only neglects the *Buſineſs of the Nation*, it may be obſerv'd, how ſatirically he gives the Preference in point of *Diſintereſtedneſs* to the Highwayman.

Bailiffs, in Crouds, neglect the dormant Writ,
And give another *Sunday* to the Wit;
He too would hie, but, ah! his Fortunes frown,
Alas! the fatal Paſsport's —— Half a Crown.
Shoals preſs on Shoals, from Palace and from Cell,
Lords yeild the *Court*, and Butchers *Clerkenwell*.
St. *Giles*'s Natives, never known to fail,
All who have haply ſcap'd th' obdurate Jail;
There many a martial Son of *Tott'nham* lyes,
Bound in *Deveilian* Bands, a Sacrifice
To angry Juſtice, nor muſt view the Prize.
Aſſembl'd Myriads croud the circling Seats,
High for the Combat every Boſom beats,

Each

V. 37. *There many a martial Son, &c.*] The unwary Reader may from this Paſſage be apt to conclude, that an Amphitheatre is little better than a Nurſery for the Gallows, and that there is a Sort of phyſical Connection between *Boxing* and *Theiving*, but altho' Boxing may be a uſeful Ingredient in a Thief, yet it does not neceſſarily make him *one*; Boxing is the Effect, not the Cauſe, and Men are not *Theives* becauſe they are *Boxers*, but *Boxers* becauſe they are *Thieves*. Thus Tricking, Lying, Evaſion (with ſeveral other ſuch like cardinal Virtues,) are a Sort of Properties pertaining to the Practice of the Law, as well as to the mercurial Profeſſion. But would any one therefore infer that every *Lawyer* muſt be a *Thief*. *Scholiaſt.*

Each Boſom partial for it's Hero bold,
Partial thro' Friendſhip, — or depending Gold.

But firſt, the infant Progeny of *Mars*
Join in the Liſts, and wage their pigmy Wars;
Train'd to the manual Fight, and bruiſful Toil,
The Stop defenſive, and gymnaſtic Foil;
With nimble Fiſts their early Proweſs ſhew,
And mark the future Hero in each Blow.

To theſe, the hardy iron-Race ſucceed,
All Sons of *Hockley* and fierce *Brickſtreet* breed;
Mature in Valour, and inur'd to blood,
Dauntleſs each Foe in Form terrific ſtood;

V. 44. infant Progeny of Mars] Our Author in this Deſcription alludes to the *Luſus Trojæ* of *Virgil*,

Incedunt Pueri ——————————
—————————— *Trojæ Juventus*
—— *Pugnæque ciunt ſimulachra ſub armis.*

V. 51. Hockley and fierce Brickſtreet Breed.] Two famous Athletic *Seminaries.*

Their callous Bodies frequent in the Fray,
Mock'd the fell Stroke, nor to its Force gave way.
'Mongſt theſe *Gloverius*, not the laſt in Fame,
And he whoſe Clog delights the beauteous Dame,
Nor leaſt thy Praiſe whoſe artificial Light,
In *Dian*'s Abſence gilds the Clouds of Night.

While theſe the Combat's direful Arts diſplay,
And ſhare the bloody Fortunes of the Day,
Each Hero ſat, revolving in his Soul,
The various Means that might his Foe controul;
Conqueſt and Glory each proud Boſom warms,
When, lo! the *Herald* ſummon's them to Arms.

V. 57. *And he whoſe Clog* &c.] Here we are preſented with a laudable Imitation of the ancient Simplicity of Manners; for as *Cincinnatus* diſdain'd not the homely Employment of a *Ploughman*, ſo we ſee our Hero condeſcending to the humble Occupation of a *Clog Maker*, and this is the more to be admir'd, as it is one Characteriſtic of modern Heroiſm to be either above or below any Occupation at all.

V. 58. *whoſe artificial Light*,] Various and violent have been the Controverſies, whether our Author here intended to celebrate a *Lamp Lighter*, or a *Link-boy*, but as there are Heroes of both Capacities at preſent in the School of Honour, it is difficult to determine, whether the Poet alludes to a *Wells* or a *Buckhorſe*.

THE

THE ARGUMENT OF THE SECOND BOOK.

STEPHENSON *enters the Lists; a Description of his Figure; an Encomium on his Abilities, with respect to the Character of Coachman.* Broughton *advances; his reverend Form described; his superior Skill in the Management of the Lighter and Wherry display'd; his Triumph of the Badge celebrated; his Speech; his former Victories recounted; the Preparation for the Combat, and the Horror of the Spectators.* *

* *Argument.*] It was doubtless in Obedience to Custom, and the Example of other great Poets, that our Author has thought proper to prefix an Argument to each Book, being minded that nothing should be wanting in the usual Paraphernalia of Works of this Kind. —— For my own Part, I am at a Loss to account for the Use of them, unless it be to swell a Volume, or like Bills of Fare, to advertise the Reader what he is to expect, that if it contains nothing likely to suit his Taste, he may preserve his Appetite for the next Course.

BOOK

BOOK II.

FIRST, to the Fight, advanc'd the Charioteer,
High Hopes of Glory on his Brow appear;
Terror vindictive flashes from his Eye;
(To one the Fates the visual Ray deny)
Fierce glow'd his Looks, which spoke his inward Rage,
He leaps the Bar, and bounds upon the Stage.
The Roofs re-eccho with exulting Cries,
And all behold him with admiring Eyes.
Ill-fated Youth, what rash Desires could warm,
Thy manly Heart to dare the *Triton*'s Arm?
Ah! too unequal to these martial Deeds,
Tho' none more skill'd to rule the foaming Steeds.
The Courfers still obedient to thy Rein,
Now urge their Flight, or now their Flight restrain.

Had

V. 6. 7. He leapt the Bar, &c.] See the Descriptions of *Dares* in
The Roofs re-eccho] *Virgil.*

Nec mora, continuo vastis cum viribus effert
Ora Dares, magnoque virum se murmure tollit.

Had mighty *Diomed* provok'd the Race,
Thou far had'ſt left the *Grecian* in Diſgrace,
Where e'er you drove, each Inn confeſs'd your Sway,
Maids brought the Dram, and Oſtlers ſtew with Hay.
But know, tho' ſkill'd to guide the rapid Car,
None wages like thy Foe the manual War.

Now *Neptune*'s Offspring dreadfully ſerene,
Of Size gigantic, and tremendous Mein,
Steps forth, and 'midſt the fated Liſts appears,
Reverend his Form, but yet not worn with Years.
To him none equal in his youthful Day,
With feather'd Oar to ſkim the liquid Way;
Or thro' thoſe Streights whoſe Waters ſtun the Ear,
The loaded Lighter's bulky Weight to ſteer.

Soon.

V. 19. *But know tho' skill'd*] Here our Author inculcates a fine Moral by ſhewing how apt Men are to miſtake their Talents, but were Men only to act in their proper Spheres how often ſhould we ſee the *Parſon* in the Pew of the *Peaſant*, the *Author* in the Character of his *Hawker*, or a *Beau* in the Livery of his *Footman*, &c.

Soon as the Ring their ancient Warrior view'd,
Joy fill'd their Hearts, and thundring Shouts enſu'd;
Loud as, when o'er *Thameſis*' gentle Flood,
Superior with the *Triton* Youths he row'd,
While far a-head his winged Wherry flew,
Touch'd the glad Shore, and claim'd the *Badge* its due.

Then thus indignant he accoſts the Foe,
(While high Diſdain ſat prideful on his Brow.)
Long has the laurel Wreath victorious ſpread,
Its ſacred Honours round this hoary Head;
The Prize of Conqueſt in each doubtful Fray,
And dear Reward of many a dire-fought Day.
Now

V. 34. *the Badge its Due.*] A Prize given by Mr. *Dogget* to be annually conteſted on the firſt Day of *Auguſt*, —— as among the Ancients, *Games* and *Sports* were celebrated on mourniful as well as joyful Events, there has been ſome Controverſy whether our *loyal Comedian* meant the Compliment to the ſetting or riſing Monarch of *that Day*, but as the Plate has a *Horſe* for it's Device, I am induc'd to impute it to the latter; and, doubtleſs, he prudently conſider'd, that as a living *Dog* is better than a dead *Lion*, the living *Horſe* had, at leaſt an equal Title to the ſame Preference.

Now Youth's cold Wane, the vigorous Pulse has chas'd,
Froze all my Blood, and every Nerve unbrac'd,
Now, from these Temples shall the Spoils be torn,
In scornful Triumph by my Foe be worn?
What then avails my various Deeds in Arms,
If this proud Creft thy feeble Force disarms.
Lost be my Glories to recording Fame,
When foil'd by Thee, the Coward blasts my Name,
I who e'er Manhood my young Joints had knit,
First taught the fierce *Grettonius* to submit;
While drench'd in Blood, he prostrate press'd the Floor,
And inly groan'd the fatal Words *Victus fui.*
Allenius too, who ev'ry Heart dismay'd,
Whose Blows, like Hail, flew ratling round the Head;

Ver. 42. *Froze all my Blood,*] See *Virgil.*

—— *Sed enim gelidus tardante senecta*
Sanguis hebet, frigentque effætæ in corpore vires.

V. 50. *Fierce* Grettonius *to submit;*] *Gretton*, the most famous Athleta, in his Days, over whom our Heroe obtain'd his maiden Prize.

V. 53. *Allenius too,* &c.] Vulgarly known by the plebeian Name of *Pipes*, which a learned Critic will have, to be derived from the Art and Mystery of *Pipe-making*, in which it is affirm'd this Heroe was an Adept. —— As he was the *Delicium pugnaris generis*, our Author, with marvellous Judgment, represents the Ring weeping at his Defeat.

V. 54. *Whose Blows like Hail,* &c.] *Virgil.*

—— *quam multa grandine nimbi*
Culminibus crepitant. ——

Him off the Ring beheld with weeping Eyes,
Stretch'd on the Ground, reluctant yield the Prize.
Then fell the *Swain*, with whom none e'er could vie,
Where *Harrows* Steeple darts into the Sky.
Next the bold Youth a bleeding Victim lay,
Whose waving Curls the Barber's Art display.
You too this Arm's tremendous Proweſs know,
Raſh Man, to make this Arm again thy Foe.

This ſaid —— the Heroes for the Fight prepare,
Brace their big Limbs and brawny Bodies bare.
The ſturdy Sinews all aghaſt behold,
And ample Shoulders of *atlean* Mould;

Like

V. 57. *Then fell the* Swain] *Jeoffery Birch*, who in ſeveral Encounters, ſerv'd only to augment the Number of our Hero's Triumphs.

V. 59. *Next the bold Youth*] As this *Champion* is ſtill living, and even diſputes the Palm of Manhood with our Hero himſelf, I ſhall leave him to be the Subject of Immortality in ſome future *Gymnaſiad*, ſhould the Superiority of his Proweſs, ever juſtify his Title to the *Corona Pugnea*.

V. 63. *This ſaid*, &c.] *Virgil.*

Hæc fatus, duplicem ex Humeris rejecit Amictum;
Et magnos Membrorum Artus, magna oſſa lacertoſque
Exuit.

Like *Titan*'s Offspring who 'gainſt Heav'n ſtrove,
So each, tho' mortal, ſeem'd a Match for *Jove*.
Now round the Ring a ſilent Horror reigns,
Speechleſs each Tongue, and bloodleſs all their Veins.
When lo! the Champions give the dreadful Sign,
And Hand in Hand in friendly Token join;
Thoſe iron Hands, which ſoon upon the Foe,
With giant force, muſt deal the deathful Blow.

THE ARGUMENT OF THE THIRD BOOK.

A Deſcription of the Battle; Stephenſon *is vanquiſhed*; *the Manner of his Body being carried off by his Friends*; Broughton *claims the Prize, and takes his final Leave of the Stage.*

BOOK III.

FULL in the Center now they fix in Form,
Eye meeting Eye, and Arm oppos'd to Arm;
With wily Feints each other now provoke,
And cautious meditate th' impending Stroke.

Th' impatient Youth inſpir'd by Hopes of Fame,
Firſt ſped his Arm, unfaithful to its Aim;
The wary Warrior watchful of his Foe,
Bends back, and ſcapes the death-deſigning Blow;
With erring Glance it ſounded by his Ear,
And whizzing ſpent its idle Force in Air.
Then quick advancing on the unguarded Head,
A dreadful Show'r of Thunderbolts he ſhed;

V. 7, 8. —— *watchful of his Foe,*
Bends back, and ſcapes the Death deſigning Blow;] *Virgil*
—— *ille Ictum venientem a vertice velox*
Prævidit, celerique elapſus corpore ceſſit.

V. 10. *its idle Force in Air.*] *Idem*
—— *vires in ventum effudit* ——

As when a Whirlwind from ſome cavern broke,
With furious Blaſts aſſaults the monarch Oak,
This way and that its lofty Top it bends,
And the fierce Storm the crackling Branches rends.
So wav'd the Head, and now to left and right,
Rebounding flies, and craſh'd beneath the weight.

Like the young Lion wounded by a Dart,
Whoſe Fury kindles at the galling ſmart;
The Heroe rouzes with redoubled Rage,
Flies on his Foe, and foams upon the Stage.
Now grapling, both in cloſe Contention join,
Legs lock in Legs, and Arms in Arms entwine;

They

V. 19. *Like the young Lion*] It may be obſerv'd, that our Author has treated the Reader but with one Simile throughout the two foregoing Books, but in order to make him ample Amends, has given him no leſs than ſix in this. Doubtleſs this was in Imitation of *Homer*, and artfully intended to heighten the Dignity of the main Action, as well as our Admiration towards the Concluſion of his Work. —— *Finis coronat Opus.*

V. 24. *Arms in Arms entwine;*] *Virgil.*

Immiſcentque manus manibus, pugnamque laceſſunt.

They ſweat, they heave, each tugging Nerve they ſtrain,
Both fix'd as Oaks, their ſturdy Trunks ſuſtain.
At length the Chief his wily Art diſplay'd,
Poiz'd on his Hip the hapleſs Youth he laid;
Aloft in Air his quiv'ring Limbs he throw'd,
Then on the Ground down daſh'd the ponderous Load.
So ſome vaſt Ruin on a mountain's Brow,
Which tott'ring hangs, and dreadful nods below;
When the fierce Tempeſt the Foundation rends,
Whirl'd thro' the Air with horrid Cruſh deſcends.
Bold and undaunted up the Hero roſe,
Fiercer his Boſom for the Combat glows,
Shame ſtung his manly Heart, and fiery Rage
New ſteel'd each Nerve, redoubl'd War to wage.

Swift

V. 35. *Bold and undaunted*, &c.] *Virgil.*

At non tardatus Caſu, neque territus Heros,
Acrior ad pugnam redit, & Vim ſuſcitat Ira.
Tum Pudor incendit Vires ——————

Swift to revenge the dire Diſgrace he flies,
Again ſuſpended on the Hip he lies;
Daſh'd on the Ground, again had fatal fell,
Haply the Barrier caught his flying Heel;
There faſt it hung, th' impriſon'd Head gave way,
And the ſtrong Arm defrauded of its Prey.
Vain ſtrove the Chief to whirl the Mountain o'er,
It ſlipt —— he headlong rattles on the Floor.
Around the Ring loud Peals of Thunder riſe,
And Shouts exultant eccho to the Skies. Uplifted

V. 42. *Haply the Barrier*, &c.] Our Author, like *Homer* himſelf, is no leſs to be admir'd in the Character of an Hiſtorian than in that of a Poet, we ſee him here faithfully reciting the moſt minute Incidents of the Battle, and informing us, that the youthful Hero being on the Lock, muſt again inevitably have come to the Ground had not his Heel catch'd the Bar, and that his Antagoniſt by the Violence of his ſtraining, ſlipt his Arm over his Head, and by that Means receiv'd the Fall he intended the Enemy. —— I thought it incumbent on me as a Commentator to ſay thus much, to illuſtrate the Meaning of our Author, which might ſeem a little obſcure to thoſe who are unacquainted with Conflicts of this Kind.

V. 48. *eccho to the Skies*, &c.] *Virgil.*
It Clamor Cœlo ——————

The learned Reader will perceive our Author's frequent Alluſions to *Virgil*, and whether he intended them as Tranſlations or Imitations of the *Roman* Poet, muſt give us Pauſe, but as in our modern Productions, we find, *Imitations* are generally nothing more than *bad Tranſlations*, and *Tranſlations* nothing more than *bad Imitations*; it would equally I ſuppoſe ſatisfie the Gall of the Critic, ſhould theſe unluckily fall within either Deſcription.

Uplifted now inanimate he ſeems,
Forth from his Noſtrils guſh the purple Streams,
Gaſping for Breath, and impotent of Hand,
The Youth beheld his Rival ſtag'ring ſtand,
But he alas! had felt th' unnerving Blow,
And gaz'd unable to aſſault the Foe.
As when two Monarchs of the brindl'd Breed,
Diſpute the proud Dominion of the Mead,
They fight, they foam, then wearied in the Fray,
Aloof retreat, and low'ring ſtand at Bay.
So ſtood the Heros, and indignant glar'd,
While grim with Blood their rueful Fronts were ſmear'd,
Till with returning Strength new Rage returns,
Again their Arms are ſteel'd, again each Boſom burns.
Inceſſant now their Hollow Sides they pound,
Loud on each Breaſt the bounding Bangs reſound, Their

V. 63. *Inceſſant now, &c.* *Virgil.*

Multa Viri nequicquam inter Se vulnere jactant,
Multa cavo lateri ingeminant & pectore vaſto:
Dant ſonitus, erratque aures & tempora circum
Crebra manus: duro crepitant ſub vulnere Malæ

Their flying Fists around the Temples glow,
And the Jaws crackle with the massy Blow.
The raging Combat ev'ry Eye appals,
Strokes following Strokes, and Falls succeeding Falls.
Now droop'd the Youth, yet urging all his Might,
With feeble Arm still vindicates the Fight.
Till on the part where heav'd the panting Breath,
A fatal Blow impress'd the Seal of Death.
Down dropt the Hero, welt'ring in his Gore,
And his stretch'd Limbs lay quiv'ring on the Floor.
So when a Faulcon skims the airy way,
Stoops from the Clouds, and pounces on his Prey;
Dash'd on the earth the feather'd Victim lies,
Expands its feeble wings, and, flutt'ring, dies.
His faithful Friends their dying Hero rear'd,
O'er his broad Shoulders dangling hung his Head;
Dragging

V. 79. His faithful Friends] *Virgil.*

Aſt illum fidi Æquales, genua ægra trahentem,
Jactantemque utroque caput, craſſumque cruorem
Ore ejectantem, miſtoſque ic ſanguine dentes,
Ducunt ad naves ——————

Dragging its Limbs, they bear the Body forth,
Maſh'd Teeth and clotted Blood came iſſuing from his Mouth.

Thus then the Victor ——— O cœleſtial Pow'r!
Who gave this Arm to boaſt one Triumph more,
Now grey in Glory, let my Labours ceaſe,
My blood-ſtain'd Laurel wed the Branch of Peace,
Lur'd by the Luſtre of the golden Prize,
No more in Combat this proud Creſt ſhall riſe;
To future Heros future Deeds belong,
Be mine the Theme of ſome immortal Song.

This ſaid --- he ſeiz'd the Prize, while round the Ring,
High ſoar'd Applauſe on Acclamations Wing.

11 7 49

V 88. *No more in Combat*, &c.] *Idem.*
——— *hic Victor cæſtus, artemque repono.*

FINIS.

Digging its Limbs, they bear the Body forth,
Mad'd Teeth and clotted Blood came rushing from his Mouth.

Thus dies the Victor ——— O mortal Pow'r!
Who gave this Arm to bear one Thing more,
Now gay in Glory, let my Labours cease,
My blood-full'd Hand wad the Hands of Peace,
Turn'd by the Lustre of the golden Prize,
No more in Combat this proud Circle fill'd,
To future Heroes future Deeds belong,
To Them mine the Theme of Time immortal Song.

This said — He lies'd the Prize, while round the Ring,
High spur'd Applause on Acclamations Wing.

V 83. More in Comm. &c.] Illum.
——— hic Victor cognus, ornamque reportat.

FINIS.